

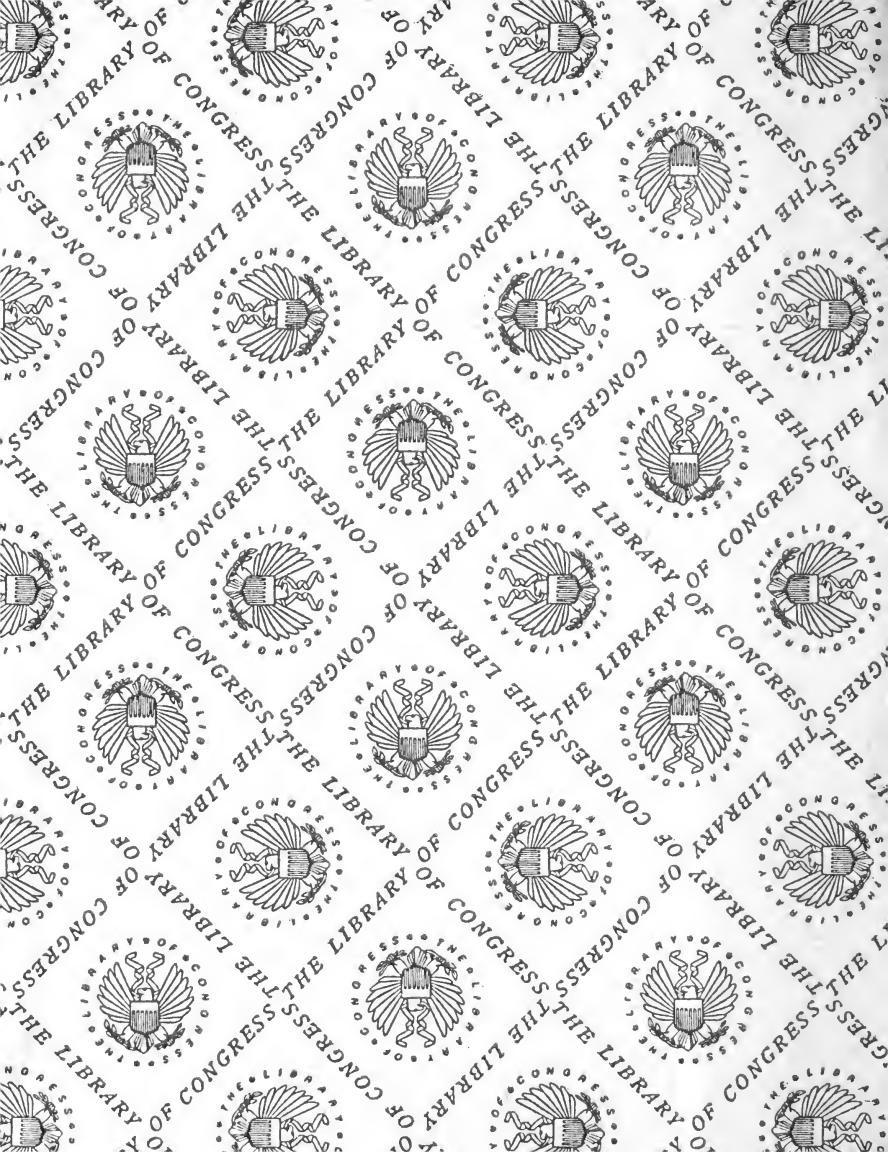
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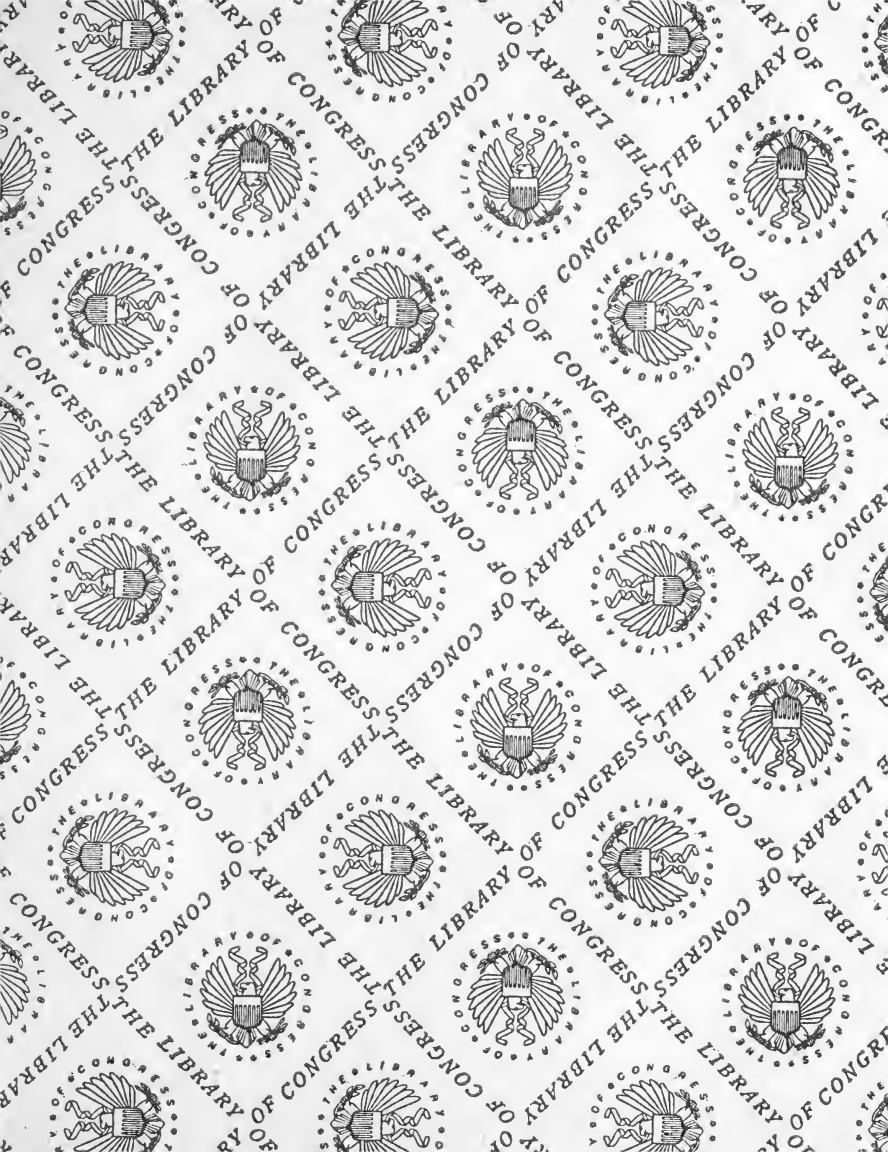
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HOW . .

. . CAME . .

· THE · HOLLY ·

· · BERRIES RED.

BY CHARLES W. E. CHAPIN.

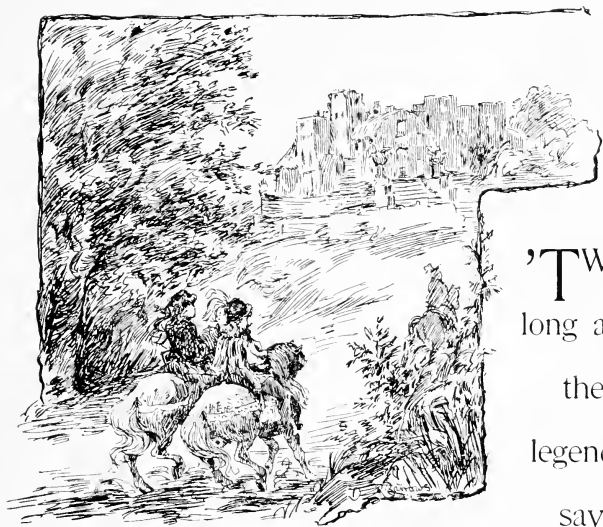
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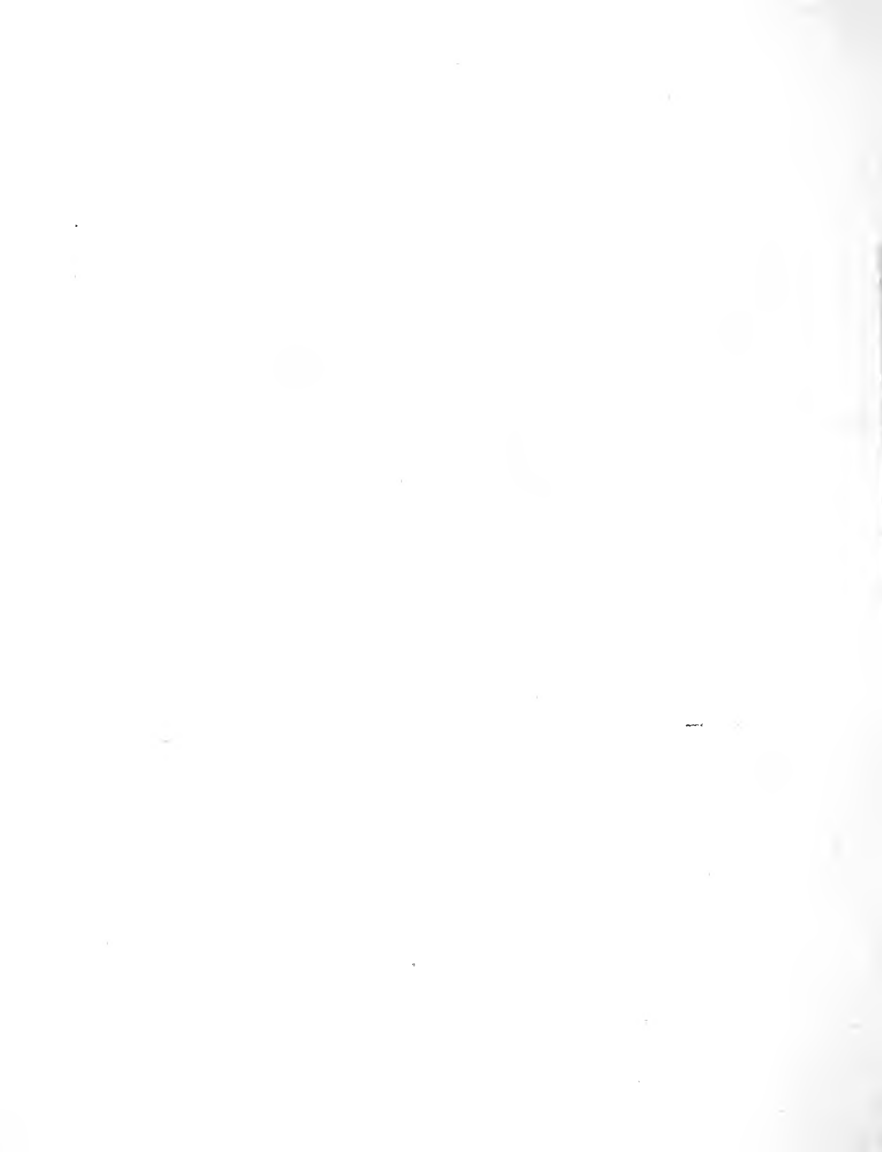


'T WAS
long ago,
the
legends
say,

Sir Roderick gave a party gay
On Christmas night at Lynden Hall;

And ladies fair and gallants tall,
And lord and matron old and gray,
Came one and all
To Lynden Hall.

THE Yule log blazed and burned and roared,
And flames and sparks up chimney soared.
In festoons gay the holly swung,
The mistletoe demurely hung



From arches

o'er the

festal board,



And shyly clung

Where bright lights hung.

THE holly's berries, pale and white —
And not as now so red and bright —
Were woven with the mistletoe
And hung just where — now you must know
What surely haps on Christmas night
If maiden go
'Neath mistletoe.

AND when beneath this magic spray
Fair Gladys happ'd perchance to stray,
Up quickly stepped a gallant knight
And kissed her there, as was his right;

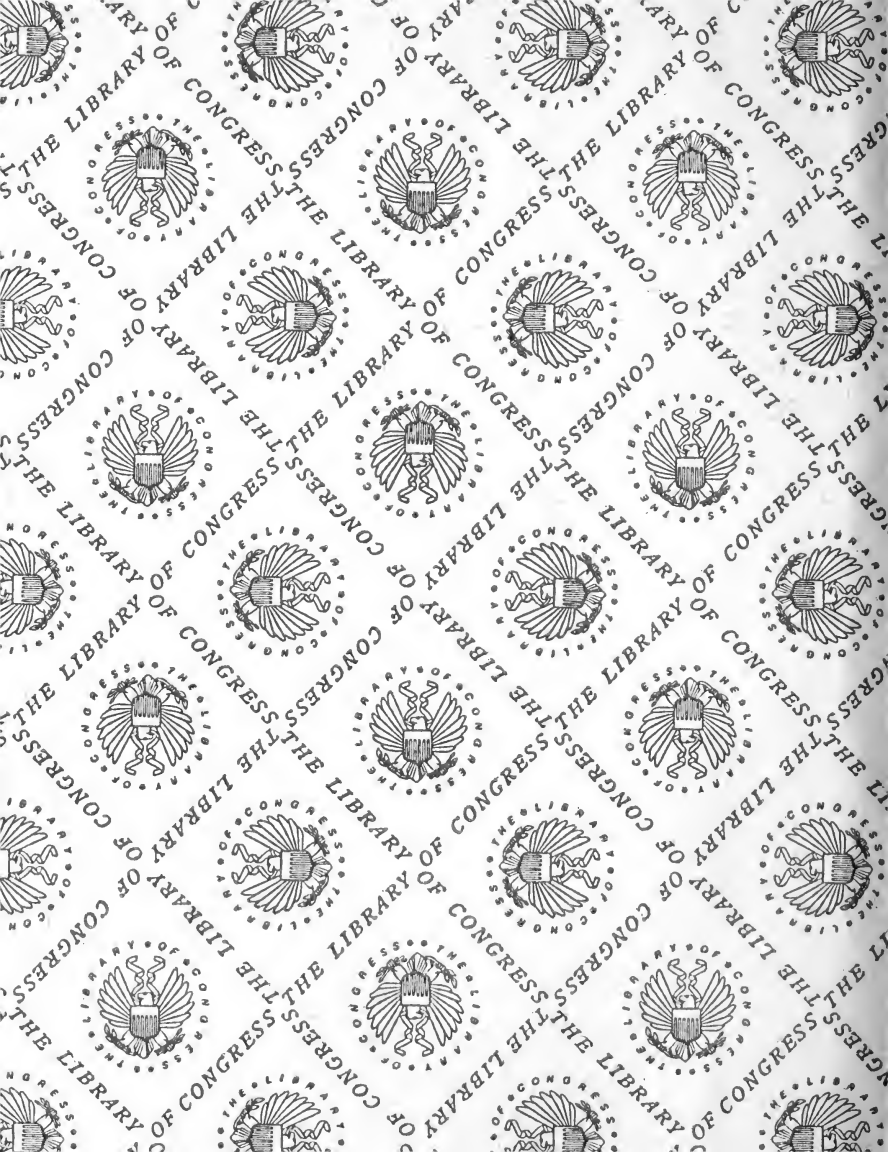


And all the legends truly say
That ne'er did knight
Give kiss so light.

THE holly berries overhead
Grew rosy and turned crimson red;
For when they saw the lovely hue
On Gladys' cheek, what could they do
But droop and blush? So rosy red
In blushing too,
The holly grew.

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